

The Enterprise.

VOL. 8.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1903.

NO. 33.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTE.
6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:24 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
9:49 P. M. Daily.
12:38 P. M. Daily.
4:33 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.
6:56 P. M. Daily.
9:11 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
2:33 P. M. Daily.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
8:33 A. M. Daily.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemetery and Third and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Post office open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Saturday, 6:30 to 8:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAIL ARRIVES.

	A. M. P. M.
From the North	6:45 12:30
" South	7:33 2:33
"	8:33 6:06

MAIL CLOSES.
A. M. P. M.
North 9:10 12:20
South 6:15 6:25

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

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Congregational Sunday School every Sunday 3 p. m. at Butchers' Hall. Old and young are alike cordially invited and will be made welcome.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schabert	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Mr. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. R. Gilbert	Redwood City

SONOMA TO DESTROY FRUIT PESTS

Three Horticulturists Are Appointed by the Board of Supervisors.

Santa Rosa.—The Board of Supervisors passed a resolution creating a Horticultural Commission for Sonoma county, and appointed Allen R. Gallaway of Healdsburg, O. E. Bremner of Bennett valley and James B. Moran of Sebastopol as Commissioners. The resolution had its inception in a numerously signed petition to the Board from fruit-growers and others interested in the matter.

Bremner is a graduate of Stanford University and with others has urged the Supervisors to take action on the petition. Bremner will be field officer of the new Commission, and will make inspection of all the orchards and nurseries in the county for fruit pests and scales. Fruit packing-houses are also to be inspected, and where it is believed necessary to destroy pests fumigation will be ordered. The Commission will be very strict, and expects to rid the county of fruit pests if possible. The commission takes office July 1st, and will be under the control of the Board of Supervisors.

Bulgarian Bands Wiped Out.

Salonica.—A band of Bulgarian revolutionists was destroyed by the Turkish troops at Cradobar, near this city. Fifteen Bulgarians were killed. Another insurgent band is reported to have been annihilated on the railway line near Ristovatz, Servia, after a six hours' fight.

EVENTS OF THE WORLD EPITOMIZED

Important and Interesting Happenings and Mishaps of the Week Briefly Told.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES

Short, Crisp, Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Cream of the Week's News in a Form Appreciated by All Busy Readers.

Former President Cleveland has leased what is known as the Sweet House, at Lenox, Mass. He expects to arrive there June 20th.

Robbers broke into the Gold Stock Bank at Vesta, Minn., dynamited the safe and got away with \$2500 in cash and \$2000 in notes. No clew.

General Crozier, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, has received a report from the Infantry Board, at Fort Leavenworth, approving the twenty-twenty rifle as an Army weapon.

The Treasury Department is taking steps to draw the lines tighter along the Mexican border, to prevent the unlawful entrance of Chinese. This is done in view of the importation of Chinese laborers at Manzanillo by the new China Commercial Company's line.

Three masked men boarded a suburban car running east from East St. Louis, Ill., robbed J. Bowes, the motorman, and killed the conductor, John N. Keith. There were only a few passengers in the car, but they could not interfere. The robbers jumped from the car and escaped.

It is learned at Washington that final steps have been taken toward a settlement of the award of \$1,000,000 by the arbitration committee in the case of El Triunfo, an American corporation, whose franchises were adjudged to have been invalid by the Salvadorean Government.

Four lives were lost at Hannibal, Mo., by the collision of the steamer Flying Eagle, towing a bargeful of Sunday-school excursionists, with a pier in the Hannibal bridge. The accident was due to the blowing out of a cylinder head of the bow engine, disabling the craft and placing it at the mercy of the swift current.

In connection with the report from Enid, Ok. T., that John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Lincoln, died there January 14th, under the name of David E. George, it is declared by persons familiar with the case that there is no doubt whatever that Booth's body is buried at Baltimore, Md., in Greenmount Cemetery. The body now lies buried in the Booth lot, but without any headstone or mark on the grave.

A cable to the New York Sun from The Hague says: According to advices received here the Government of Belgium has decided to abandon the project of annexing the Congo Free State, allowing the option of annexation to expire. It is explained that Belgium is disinclined to assume the responsibility of governing the Congo as a colony because of popular opposition and the attitude of Great Britain.

Mail advices from Manila tell of a disgraceful act of vandalism on the part of visitors to the recently floated Spanish cruiser Reina Christina, sunk by Dewey, in the surreptitious removal of bones of the dead Spaniards for relics. The Christina was thought to have had \$200,000 in gold on board, but it was not found. The gunboat Velasco, which was raised, was found to have been sunk by her own crew, who had opened the bilge cocks and main injection valve.

Edward Keller, a young man living at Hoboken, N. Y., became dumb after having one of his back teeth pulled by a dentist in that city. City Physician Stack and other Hoboken doctors confess inability to account for Keller's affliction, and he proposes to consult a specialist. The tooth which Keller had extracted had been giving him trouble for a long time. The root was unusually long and the dentist had considerable difficulty in pulling the tooth.

Henry Romeike, who is said to have organized the first newspaper clipping bureau, died of apoplexy at his home in New York. He was born in Mecklenburg, Prussia, in 1855, and started a

clipping bureau in London in 1881. In 1884 he founded a branch at New York, and that soon became the head office of the enterprise. Romeike came to New York in 1886. He later established branches in other countries and had a number of royal persons as subscribers. By the industry he originated and built up to worldwide importance he added the word "rommeike" to the language.

A cable to the Herald from Rome says: Leo XIII has ordered the Vatican printers to carefully reproduce all his encyclicals and different pontifical acts and forward them as a gift to the President of the United States. They will form a magnificent set and will be superbly bound. The edition will be limited. Mgr. Volpi has been charged with superintending the publishing of this important work.

Americans are going diamond mad, according to the figures given out by the custom-houses at New York. Diamonds and other precious stones worth \$2,422,000 were imported in May. This is the greatest of any month. More than \$50,000,000 worth of diamonds and other gems have been imported since the great May panic in 1901. The increasing demand for the stones has so increased their price that purchasers find they have proved a good business investment.

Sad faced because of the trouble they expect in trying to acquire the Scotch dialect, four cockatoos from Santa Fe, N. M., were put aboard the American liner Philadelphia at New York on the way to Andrew Carnegie's estate in Scotland. Roswell Pierce, the ornithologist, from whom Mr. Carnegie bought the birds for \$600, accompanied them from New Mexico to the pier. They were in separate cages. The birds have already mastered Spanish and English. For several weeks, with the aid of small pebbles held in their bills, they have been trying to acquire a Scotch burr, and one of them can say "Hoot Mon" once a day without hurting himself. Similar birds, so far as plumage is concerned, are not known, according to Pierce, to exist anywhere. The four birds are exactly alike in plumage, which is coal black with the exception of pure white tails and the white ring around their necks. Pierce imported the parents from New Guinea twenty-five years ago.

Dissappears While Shell Hunting.

San Diego.—Word was received in this city from La Holla, a resort fourteen miles up the coast, of the disappearance of W. H. Chandler, who had been staying there for several weeks.

Chandler, with a companion, came here from Denver, where he was connected with the F. M. Davis Iron Works. He was a sufferer from insomnia. While he and his companion were engaged in hunting sea shells near La Jolla he disappeared while the latter's back was turned, and has not been seen since.

It is believed he wandered away while temporarily demented by loss of sleep. A week ago he disappeared, and later was found on the top of a mountain.

Indian Crushed by Train.

Vancouver, B. C. A special from White Horse says unexpected developments have followed the death of an Indian named Johnnie Smart, who was killed by a train about five miles from here Saturday. The Indian was lying on the track rolled up in his blankets. The engineer thought the bundle was a roll of blankets and did not stop. At the inquest the evidence went to show that there had been a drunken fight between the dead man and several other Indians, and that they probably injured him in the scuffle and placed his body on the track to hide their crime. The police are working on the case and have made one arrest.

Predict Peaceful Settlement.

Washington.—Sir Chen Liang Cheng, the Chinese Minister, will present his credentials to President Roosevelt next Monday afternoon.

"There is no doubt that the Manchurian question will be amicably settled," said he when questioned as to

Manchuria. "I have not discussed the matter heretofore and do not desire to enter a further statement."

No Protest by England.

London.—Contrary to the statement cabled from Willemstad, Curacao, the Foreign Office reiterates its announcement that the British Minister at Caracas has not protested against the action of the Venezuelan Government in closing the Orinoco port.

The attitude to be assumed by Great

Britain is still under consideration.

Good News

London.—Secretary Hay has re-

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THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

If you suffer from "cat fear" take a dose of catnip.

It doesn't take much praise to spoil the man who can't stand criticism.

The fellow was right who said "fortune seldom knocks at the door of the knocker."

To some people truth is stranger than fiction because they have so little to do with the former.

There is an age when every girl wants to go on the stage, just as there is when every boy wants to be a pirate.

Scientists tell us that England is being eaten up by the sea, but she manages to make him pay well for his board.

According to the British budget, the Boer war so far has cost England \$1,085,000,000. Was the game worth the candle?

A few more anti-merger decisions to squeeze the water out of stocks, and Wall street will be wondering if the Jevons will hold.

Some people are just dying to get into society—if we are to believe the accounts of the prominence of some recent victims in murder cases.

One reason why legislatures hang on forever is found in an overgrown membership. There are in the average law-making body at least twice as many members as there should be.

The man who brings the flush of happiness to a woman's cheek, who drives away the traces of care and unhappiness, who coaxes back the glow of youth—he makes powder puffs.

Uncle Sam wants the Indians to adopt English names, and in turn may put Indian names on some of the new warships. This will be at least one fair exchange which will not prove a robbery of the Indian.

Millionaire Swift once said that no man is rich enough to smoke 25-cent cigars. However, it is likely that Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller could stand the strain of three or four a day without incurring a reputation for wild extravagance.

China, according to the census just completed, has a population of 426,000,000. The inhabitants of Manchuria, Mongolia, Tibet and Turkestan were not counted, but their number was estimated. Nevertheless, by the information we now have, the empire is more populous than ever before.

Descriptions of President Castro, of Venezuela, turning from affairs of state to attend a lawn party recall the man who had so many troubles and carried them so lightly that a friend asked in wonder, "How do you manage to keep so cheerful?" "Because I have to," was the significant reply.

Very few will be disposed to question that in giving of his millions to Tuskegee Institute Mr. Carnegie is putting his money where it will do the most good. He is satisfied that Dr. Washington is solving the race problem in the only way it can be solved, and he does well and wisely to back this belief with what is most needed in this great campaign of practical education.

The announcement that Joseph Chamberlain asked the King to bestow upon his wife a special mark of honor which His Majesty wished to confer on him must have caused the most relentless enemy of the Colonial Secretary to lapse into momentary admiration. All the world loves a loving and gracious recognition of obligation, and who is to measure Mr. Chamberlain's indebtedness to his American wife?

If Russia can bulldoze China in the matter of the province she will acquire such a prestige at Pekin that no amount of diplomatic persuasion later will restore the other powers to their rightful status with the Chinese court. So impudent are the Russian demands and so grave their import that a joint note from the powers is to be expected forthwith, else good-by to all hope for the rescue of China from the thrall of a combination of Chinese reaction and Russian selfishness.

The movement to honor by a suitable memorial the English newspaper correspondents who lost their lives in the South African War revives the recollection of service performed under trying and perilous conditions. The committee of the Institute of Journalists has been compiling a list of the correspondents who were killed or died of disease while in the discharge of duty. "Killed at Wagon Hill," "Killed at Slingersfontein," "Killed at Matjeking," "Died of fever at Simons Town"—so runs the record. The cost of war in money falls into insignificance when compared with its cost in men. Try how they may, no class of men concerned in war can escape the final toll of the battle-field.

Read the appalling histories of the space in New York. They are mere accidental revelations. They are to the great mass of hidden misery and degradation what the truant spark is to the covered fire. Once in a while someone hears of a case of special affliction, and nearly always the machinery of rescue is set in motion by Christian hands. But we hear of one in a thousand. The others are left to their suffering, their hopelessness, their degradation. We have untold millions to spend and immeasurable sympathy and ministrations to bestow in China, India—the farther away the better—while here at home, within sound of our own church bells, scarce a stone's throw from our sumptuous residences, poverty, pain, despair all flourish, and the pagan ferment of the slums creates unceasingly material for the brothel and jail.

Sad news comes from Oklahoma, where an investigation of the condition of Lo the poor Indian has recently been made by a representative of the government. It appears that the Indians of Oklahoma are suffering from too much prosperity. Ten or twelve years ago they were busy and happy. They owned land, each head of a family had a pony or two, a few dogs, pigs, chickens and other necessities of life, and the days came and went with a pleasure if somewhat monotonous regularity. To-day the noble red men of Oklahoma appear to be rapidly going to the bad. Their land has turned out to be valuable, and they are leasing it to white men at high prices. The result is that the Indians are no longer forced to work for a living, and they are rapidly falling into habits of idleness and vice. The report of the commissioner who has been looking into the matter says: "From habits of industry and thrift these Indians, or most of them, have become idlers and vagrants on the face of the earth. The best friends of the Indians are those who are in favor of compelling them to work. Work is the salvation of these Indians and their only salvation. The leasing of lands has proved to be a great calamity for a majority of them. It would be a thousand times better for them if the leasing of lands was prevented and the proposition presented to them flatly to work or starve." This will probably be discouraging to people who have longed to raise the Indian up to nobler and better things; but does it, after all, indicate that the red man is essentially different from his white brother? Is the Indian the only one who can't broaden out and progress in idleness?

If you would realize the immensity of the United States study trade, statistics. We talk about billion-dollar Congresses; now let's think about a billion-dollar commerce. In the year ending March 31, 1903, the imports of the United States reached a billion dollars. That is the first time imports ever reached the billion mark. Uncle Sam is a good customer. It is a fact that is as good a peace guarantee as a fleet of warships. Countries that are selling us a thousand million dollars' worth of things to eat, drink, wear and use in a single year would at least think twice before affronting such a customer and strangling such a market. The prosperous way of doing business is said to be to sell more than you buy. The United States is doing that, and feeding nations. The exports for the year ending March 31 reached the stupendous total of \$1,414,786,550, and covered everything from steel bridges to dollar watches, breakfast foods to bottled beer. This is a big country. Its own people can scarcely comprehend the greatness of the empire. Why, the farms alone are worth three thousand million dollars. We have a billion-dollar trust, billion-dollar crops, billion-dollar bank savings. We have just launched a ship that will carry 30,000 tons of freight, and more are building. The mines of the Northwest will give up 35,000,000 tons of iron ore in a single season. From Maine to California big things are in progress. All this is the wonder of the civilized world, and when put into figures the totals simply stun humanity. Big! Why, when you can count all the stars and the grains of sand on the seashore, you'll be able to measure the glory and greatness of America! We should pray for humility—power to bear our greatness with honor and dignity. We should see to it that morals, education, charity, civic righteousness, all the higher things of life, keep pace with the mighty strides of commerce. For, unless they do, the years of our greatness are surely numbered.

Skating on Water.
It would seem that skating on water may be successfully accomplished, says Tit-Bits. A German inventor has made a hundred-mile journey with water shoes on the surface of the River Danube. The shoes are cylindrical in shape, and are made of aluminum to give them extreme lightness. They are several feet long, and are propelled by a treading movement, which causes four oar-shaped wings to revolve. The inventor claims that he can travel on water three times as fast as he can walk on land, and that locomotion is as safe on rough water as on smooth. He hopes to have the shoes made a part of every well-regulated life-saving station.

The Wall of Severus.
The wall of Severus, separating England from Scotland, was thirty-six miles long and guarded by twenty-one forts. It was twenty feet high and twenty-four feet thick, and to the north was protected by a moat forty feet wide and twenty feet deep.

Great Lumber Resources.
The State of Washington has the largest lumber resources in the world. One acre of Washington timber will furnish in its lumber as many carloads of freight as 120 years of wheat product from a Dakota farm.

THE MESSAGE OF THE LARK.

"Sweetheart—Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"
Calleth the meadow lark
Thro' the rose of dawn to me,
So loud and so sweet—oh, hark!
How tenderly, liquidly clear,
Over the meadows, I hear
"Sweetheart—Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"
And I think of my dearest across the sea—
The blue, blue sea that holds us apart—
For there is a message that softly breathes
Thro' the voice of the lark—
"Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"
"Sweetheart—Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"
Calleth the meadow lark
Thro' the rose of dawn to me,
And this is the message—hark!
My thoughts are lovebirds true
That wing the smiles to you.
"Sweetheart—Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"
And I think of my dearest across the sea—
The sea that cannot hold us apart—
While this is the message that fondly breathes
Thro' the voice of the lark—
"Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"
—Woman's Home Companion.

THE CLOVERBURG COMEDY.

NEAR Cloverburg, Ky., lived two very respectable old gentlemen. They owned contiguous blue grass farms, each of generous acreage. Both men were descended from good old Kentucky stock, and both were extremely proud of their unstained and honorable lineage.

Esquire Israel Longacre, who got his title from having been at one time a county magistrate, was about sixty years of age, of rotund figure and strong constitution.

He carried his years well, and although possessed of a naturally kind heart, was at times subject to violent attacks of cholera, during which periods of temporary insanity he would neither reason himself or listen to the reasoning of others.

He married, late in life, a very estimable lady, and had one daughter—a beautiful and accomplished girl—who, at the time of which I write, was just budding into womanhood.

The squire's wife had died four years previous, and since that time his household affairs had been managed by his only unmarried sister, a lady of uncertain age, spare figure and vivacious temper.

The squire—albeit all people and all things were usually subservient to his will—had a mortal dread of his spinster sister, and a wholesome respect for her sharp tongue.

She had absolute control of household matters, and as the squire never interfered with her arrangements, the pair got along very nicely together.

Both loved the beautiful girl who had grown up to womanhood under their eyes, and the heart of the old squire could always be approached through Nellie, who was the image of her dead mother.

The daughter and her aunt—who rejoiced in the name of Dorothea Longacre—never quarreled, and, taken altogether, the Longacre household machine moved smoothly.

The Longacres' nearest neighbor was Col. Anson Shortrood, who at one period of his life rode at the head of a valiant regiment of militia.

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The Longacres' nearest neighbor was Col. Anson Shortrood, who at one period of his life rode at the head of a valiant regiment of militia.

She had absolute control of household matters, and as the squire never interfered with her arrangements, the pair got along very nicely together.

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OLD FAVORITES

John Burns of Gettysburg.
Have you heard the story that gossips tell?

Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well; Brief is the glory that hero earns. Briefest is the story of poor John Burns; He was the fellow who won renown—The only man who didn't back down When the rebels rode through his native town;

But held his own in the fight next day, When all his townsmen ran away.

That was in July, sixty-three, The very day that General Lee, Flower of Southern chivalry, Baffled and beaten, backward reeled From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell you how, but the day before, John Burns stood at his cottage door, Looking down the village street; Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine, He heard the low of his gathered kine, And felt their breath with incense sweet; Or I might say, when the sunset burned The old farm gable, he thought it turned The milk, that fell in a babbling flood Into the milk pail, red as blood; Or how he fancied the hum of bees Were bullets buzzing among the trees, But all such fanciful thoughts as these Were strange to a practical man like Burns,

Who minded only his own concerns, Troubled no more by fancies fine Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine—

Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact, Slow to argue, but quick to act.

That was the reason, as some folks say, He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right Raged for hours the heady fight, Thundered the battery's double bass—

Difficult music for men to face;

While on the left—where now the graves Undulate like the living waves

That all that day unceasing swept Up to the pits the rebels kept—

Round-shot plowed the upland glades,

Sown with bullets, reaped with blades; Shattered fences here and there

Tossed their splinters in the air;

The very trees were stripped and bare;

The barns that once held yellow grain Were heaped with harvest of the slain;

The cattle bellowed on the plain,

The turkeys screamed with might and main,

And brooding barn-fowl left their rest.

With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,

Erect and lonely stood old John Burns,

How do you think the man was dressed?

He wore an ancient long buff vest,

Yellow as saffron—but his best;

And, buttoned over his manly breast,

Was a bright-blue coat, with a rolling collar,

And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—

With tails that the country-folk called "swaller."

He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,

White as the locks on which it sat.

Never had such a sight been seen

For forty years on the village green,

Since old John Burns was a country bean.

And went to the "quiltings" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day

Veterans of the Peninsula,

Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;

And striplings, downy of lip and chin—

Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in—

Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,

Then at the rifle his right hand bore;

And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,

With scraps of a slangy repertoire:

"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through."

"Your head's level," and "Bully for you!"

Called him "Daddy"; begged he'd close

The name of the tailor who made his clothes,

And what was the value he set on those;

While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,

Stood there picking the rebels off—

With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat,

And the swallow tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but for a moment, for that respect

Which clothes all courage their voices checked,

And something the wildest could understand

Spake in the old man's strong right hand;

And his corded throat, and the lurking frown

Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;

Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe

Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw

In the antique vestments and long white hair

The Past of the Nation in battle there;

And some of the soldiers since declare

That the gleam of his old white hat afar,

Like the crested plume of the brave Na-varre,

That day was the oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest;

How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,

Broke at the final charge and ran.

At which John Burns—a practical man—

Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,

And then went back to his bees and cows.

This is the story of old John Burns.

This is the moral the reader learns:

In fighting the battle, the question's whether

You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

—Bret Harte.

TOBOGGANING INTO A BEAR.

Dangers of Bear Hunting on an Ice Northern Island.

A member of the Wellman polar expedition of 1898-9, Paul Bjoervig, is described by Mr. Walter Wellman, in "A Tragedy of the Far North," as a man of superior courage, of unexampled fortitude and of inspiring character. If there was a bit of dangerous work to do, he was sure to be the first to plunge in. He sang and laughed at his work. If he went down into a "porridge," half ice and half salt water, and was pulled out by his

hair, he came up with a joke about the ice-cream freezer.

One day three men were out bear-hunting on an island. Two of them had rifles, the other had none. The last was Bjoervig. They found a bear, wounded him, and chased him to the top of a glacier. There bruiser stood at bay. One of the hunters went to the left, another to the right. Bjoervig laboriously mounted the ice-pile to scare the beast down where the others might get a shot. But one of the hunters became impatient, and started to climb up also. On the way he lost his footing, fell, and slid forty or fifty feet into a pocket of soft snow.

At that moment, unfortunately, Bjoervig frightened the bear. Leaving the summit of the ice-heap, the beast slipped and slid straight toward the helpless man, who was floundering up to his armpits below. Apparently the man's life was not worth a half-kroner. In a few seconds the bear would be upon him, and would tear him to pieces. The brute was wounded, furious, desperate.

Bjoervig saw what he had to do. He did not hesitate. He followed the bear. From his perch at the summit he threw himself down the precipitous slope. He rolled, fell, slipped straight down toward the big white bear. He had no weapon but an oaken skee-staff, a mere cane; nevertheless he made straight for the bear.

Down the hillock slope he came, bumping and leaping, and yelling at the top of his voice. His cries, the commotion which he raised, the vision the bear saw of a man flying down at him, frightened the beast half out of his wits; diverted his attention from the imperiled hunter to the bold pursuer.

This was what Bjoervig was working for. The bear dug his mighty claws into the ice and stopped and looked at Bjoervig, but Bjoervig could not stop. The slope was too steep, his momentum too great. He dug his hands into the crust of the snow; he tried to thrust his skee-staff deep into the surface. It was in vain. Now he was almost upon the bear; the beast crouched to spring at him. Another second and it would all be over. Crack! the rifle spoke. The man down below had time to recover his equilibrium. Another shot and the battle was over. Bjoervig and the bear rolled down together.

"You saved my life," said the man with the gun, when Bjoervig had picked himself up.

"No, no," responded Bjoervig, whipping the snow out of his hair, "you saved mine."

Money in Railroading.

A New York boulevard car was going north one day recently when, with a sudden jar, the current was thrown off and the passengers were bumped rudely together. The car came to a standstill. The motorman, says the New York Times, threw open the front door and ran back to the conductor on the rear platform. They exchanged a few words, then both ran through the car to the front platform. Every passenger sat mute with surprise. Suddenly the car started and then backed. Then it started again, and once more backed. Then it stopped. Off jumped motorman and conductor, and as the astonished passengers looked out of the windows they saw the two men down on their hands and knees trying to crawl under the car. Presently, with an exclamation of delight, the motorman, covered with mud and grime, slowly emerged. Entering the car and holding up for inspection a ten-dollar bill, he said:

"Excuse me, passengers, for jarring you and keeping you waiting, but I came near running over this ten-dollar bill, and I hated to do it and leave it for the motorman on the car behind me."

Changed His Mind.

It is a wise father who knows just which story to tell in regard to his own child. Jackson, like other men, has a horror of infant prodigies as exploited by their proud papas. The New York Times tells of his meeting his friend Wilkins, who greeted him with:

"Hello, Jackson! What do you think my little girl said this morning? She's the brightest four-year-old in town. She said—"

"Excuse me, old man!" exclaimed Jackson. "I'm on my way to keep an engagement. Some other time—"

"She said, 'Papa, that Mr. Jackson is the handsomest man I know! Haw! Haw! How's that for precocity, eh?'"

And Jackson replied, "Wilkins, I'm a little early for my engagement. That youngster certainly is a bright one. Come into this toy store and help me select a few things that will please a girl of her taste, and I'll send them to her, if you don't mind."

The Autoist on Horseback.

Automobilist—I wish this confounding thing would run out of gasoline.

A Mean Man.

"He's the meanest man in town."

"What has he done?"

"Why, he permits his wife to accept alimony from two of her former husbands."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

No woman should laugh at a "joke" on her husband.

GOOD-NIGHT.

The day has gone to sleep, within the vale, Shadows are cradled in the em'rald grass, And on the heights the roseate sunset pales, And from the clouds the crimson colors pass.

Good-night, sweet day! The stars come out on high. To watch the pathway which your footstep trod. And pave with vastness the great deeps of sky. And bring our souls in fuller touch with God. —Los Angeles Times.

THE TALISMAN.

O course, its intrinsic value is very slight," I said, as Theodora stood holding the ring in her right hand.

"Is that why you are offering it to me?" she demanded, glancing up abruptly.

"Because," I explained, "it is supposed to bring the owner all manner of luck."

"Then," cried Theodora, "it is a kind of charm!"

"A talisman?"

"What is it supposed to do?"

"Oh, well, the idea used to be that it received influence from the planets—"

"I wonder which planet?" asked Theodora.

"The stone is green," I answered, "and green was the color of Venus, you know. Anyhow, it is supposed to protect your house from visitations of evil spirits—"

"Your house," she remonstrated.

"It is the same thing," I insisted, and Theodora's face grew rosy red.

"Oughtn't a talisman to have some mysterious writing on it?" she asked.

"Every occult condition is fulfilled," I assured her, and she carried the ring to the window. But after an endeavor to read the words which were minutely engraved on the inner face of the thin gold band, she gave it up with a sigh. Taking the ring from Theodora's hand I held it in a more favorable position.

"Your house," she remonstrated.

"It is the same thing," I insisted, and Theodora's face grew rosy red.

"My father gave it to my mother," I explained.

"Then he didn't keep it."

"The whole includes the party, you understand. He gave her the ring; she gave him back herself."

"And yet he lost her," murmured Theodora.

"Yes, he lost her."

"And I suppose for all their love, there were tears now and then," she suggested.

"Ah, well—"

"So that your Talisman was of very little effect," said Theodora.

"Perhaps," I urged, "the translation was not literal; but anyhow, you need not be afraid to accept it."

"It isn't that I am afraid," she exclaimed; but still she held out her right hand once more, and the ring was in her fingers.

"You are not going to give it back to me," I expostulated.

"Why?" she asked, drawing closer.

"If only the Talisman might do as you say," she murmured.

"My father gave it to my mother," I explained.

"Then he didn't keep it."

"The whole includes the party, you understand. He gave her the ring; she gave him back herself."

"And yet he lost her," murmured Theodora.

"Yes, he lost her."

"And I suppose for all their love, there were tears now and then," she suggested.

"Ah, well—"

"So that your Talisman was of very little effect," said Theodora.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1903.

If the strikers win at Cypress Lawn
Cemetery, will the union grave diggers
refuse to dig graves for the dead
who are without the union label?

The Board of Supervisors has passed
the Cemetery Ordinance. Under
its provisions the county will realize
a revenue from burial permits. Now
let the honorable Board pass an ordinance
requiring hackmen to pay a fair
yearly license and another consider-
able revenue will find its way into
the county treasury.

CHURCHES OF MEXICO.

They Are Great Curiosities From an
Architectural Standpoint.

From an architectural standpoint the
churches of Mexico are the most won-
derful churches in the world. Archi-
tects from all over the world have
been astonished and puzzled by the
miracles in stone. There are great
arches and domes composed entirely
of small pieces of stone cemented to-
gether. According to all the rules of
construction, these arches and domes
could not have been built in the first
place, and in the second would not hold
together for a minute, yet they are
there and are as solid as though built
of steel.

It remained for an assayer from
Denver who had settled in northern
Mexico to solve the mystery. He culti-
vated the friendship of a priest and
persuaded him to aid in his investiga-
tions. Together they went through the
musty records stored in the church
vaults, which run back for two or
three centuries, and there they found
what appears to be a truthful and
very plausible explanation of the won-
derful feats of architecture.

It was recorded that when one tier
of stone was laid about the base of the
building earth was carried and heaped
up to the level of the highest stones; an-
other tier was then added and more
earth piled up on each side of it. This
process was repeated until the dome
and arches were reached. Then the
earth was rounded off to the desired
shape and the stone cemented together
on the surface of the ground. When
sufficient time had elapsed for the mor-
tar to set and become as hard as the
stone itself, the workmen dug out the
dirt from the church, and it was ready
for the finishing touches.

Labor must have been cheap and
plentiful in those days to perform such
a stupendous task, and there is ample
reason to believe that it was cheap and
plentiful.—Washington Star.

PAINTING THE WORLD.

Indian Legend of the Way Spring
Came Into Existence.

Once, long before there were men in
the world, all the earth was covered
with snow and ice.

White and frozen lay the rivers and
the seas; white and frozen lay the
plains. The mountains stood tall and
dead, like ghosts in white gowns.
There was no color except white in all
the world except in the sky, and it was
almost black. At night the stars looked
through it like angry eyes.

Then God sent the spring down into
the world—the spring with red lips and
curling yellow hair.

In his arms he bore sprays of apple
blossoms and the first flowers—crocus,
anemones and violets, red, pink, blue,
purple, violet and yellow.

The first animal to greet the spring
was the white rabbit. The spring
dropped a red crocus on his head, and
ever since then all white rabbits have
red eyes.

Then the spring dropped a blue violet
on a white bird, the first bird to
greet the spring, and that is the way
the bluebird was made. Ever since
then it is the first bird to arrive when
the spring comes down from heaven.

So the spring went through the world,
wherever he tossed the leaves from
his fragrant burden the earth became
green. He tossed the blossoms on the
frozen seas, and the ice melted, and the
fish became painted with all the tint
of his flowers. That is the way the
trout and the minnows and the salmon
became gaudy.

Only the high mountains would not
bow to the spring. So their summits
remain white and dead, for they would
let the spring paint only the sides.

The snow owls and the white geese
and the polar bears fled from the
spring, so they, too, remain white to
this day.

In the tropical northern territory of
South Australia travelers need not carry
a compass. Nature has provided a
living compass for them. The district
abounds with the nests of the magnetic
or meridian ant. The longer axis of
these nests or mounds is always in a
perfect line with the parallel of lati-
tude pointing due north and south.
Scientists cannot explain this peculiar
orientation.

TOPIC TIMES

But 2½ per cent of the people of
Bulgaria are Moslems.

Andrew Carnegie's benefactions now
aggregate \$67,212,923.

Half the people living in New York
move one or more times a year.

Chronometers now record the mil-
lionth part of a second of time.

The first bicycle factory in Japan is
about to start with large capital.

Decimated, shredded and sliced
potatoes are staple foods in Germany.

The Czar of Russia commands the
greatest armed force in the world.

The memory, it has been decided, is
stronger in summer than in winter.

North Carolina and Mississippi have
state schools for the study of textile
fabrics.

The only sightless salamanders ever
seen were thrown from an artesian
well in Texas.

The population of Ireland, which fif-
ty years ago was over 8,000,000, is now
less than 4,500,000.

Incandescent bulbs are supplied to
Spain at 6 cents each, delivered by
German manufacturers.

Pepito Arriola, a Spanish lad of 6, is
the latest piano prodigy. He has just
played for Emperor William.

There is platinum famine, and indus-
try demands loudly the discovery of
new deposits of the precious metal.

The Cossack is a peculiarly promi-
nent feature in the Russian military
organization. They give their military
services for fifteen years, in return for
which they pay no taxes.

Every year nearly 1,000,000 Russians
become liable for service, but of these
only 270,000 enter the active army, the
remainder being passed direct into the
militia for twenty-two years.

George G. Rockwood, of New York,
has just passed half a century as a
photographer. He has made portraits
of many prominent men and has posed
every President since Van Buren.

In the matter of equipment the Russian
army is up to date in every partic-
ular. It has a special balloon de-
partment, cyclist corps—even dogs are
pressed into the service of the great
white czar.

The possession of an automobile multi-
plies the contents and sphere of a
man's life by more than six if he pre-
sently kept a horse, and by much
more if he did not. This is the esti-
mate of the English editor of World's
Work.

After studying and photographing
more than 40,000 pair of ears of per-
sons, including those of 2,000 insane and
800 criminals, and those of 300
animals, an English criminologist is
forced to conclude that the ear gives
us no clew to personal traits.

Everybody knows that Admiral
Dewey is as fine a sailor as ever paced
the weather plank, but not many are
aware that the hero of Manila is also
a clever whip. The admiral owns a
pair of the most spirited horses in
Washington and he handles them with
the skill of a veteran stage driver.

The St. Petersburg Messenger of
Trade and Industry boasts that the
characteristic feature of last year was
the almost total suspension of the im-
port of chemical products and the very
perceptible decrease in their price due
to the growth of competition and im-
provements in Russian manufacture.

The oldest Greek papyrus which Dr.
Borchardt has discovered in Egypt
dates well back in the fourth century
B. C.; that is, Alexander the Great was
still living when it was written, and
the great Alexandrian library had not
yet been founded. It is, therefore, by
a long time, the oldest Greek book in
the world.

There are in New York three life in-
surance institutions, two of them mu-
tual associations and one an incor-
porated organization, whose financial
operations practically match those of
the United States Treasury. They pos-
sess resources in the way of cash or
quick assets almost equal to those
upon which the Secretary of the Treas-
ury may rely.

The average life of a locomotive on
the railways of England is twenty-six
years, and on those of France twenty-
nine years. In the United States the
life of an engine is but eighteen years,
not because the good die young, but
because it has run in eighteen years
about 2,000,000 miles, a distance the
English locomotive would be given
thirty-six years to cover.

Society women in New Orleans have
begun a movement to have the street
railway company put on palace cars
for their convenience and comfort.
They say they cannot ride in the pres-
ent cars when they are in afternoon
or evening dress, as the cars are dirty
and there is no telling who their seat-
mate may be. They do not mind pay-
ing extra fares for the use of exclusive
cars.

GUARD FOR TROLLEY WIRE.

Overhead Lines Are Protected Ac-
cording to Law in England.

Guard wires are required wherever
telephone or telegraph wires are unpro-
tected with a permanent insulating cover
cross above or are liable to fall upon
or be blown on to the electric conductors
of a tramway. Each guard wire
should be well grounded at one point
at least and at intervals of not more
than five spans. The earth connection
should be made by connecting the wire
through the support to the rails by
means of a copper bond. Guard wires
should in general be of galvanized
steel, but may be of bronze or hard
drawn copper in districts where steel
is liable to excessive corrosion. In gen-
eral these wires must be installed at a
minimum height of twenty-four
inches above the trolley wire. Where
there is but one trolley two wires par-
allel to this—one on each side at a hor-
izontal distance of eight inches from
the trolley wire—are necessary. If
there are two trolley wires not more
than twelve feet apart, but the tele-
graph wires do not weigh more than



THE AVERAGE BRAIN.

What It Weighs and the Number of Cells It Contains.

Whether it be the brain cell of a
glowworm or one trembling with the
harmonies of "Tristan und Isolde" the
stuff it is made of is much the same.
It is a difference of structure apparently
rather than of material. And the
chemical difference between a brain or
nerve cell and that of the muscles or
the skin seems reducible mainly to a
difference in the proportion of two sub-
stances—water and phosphorus. Lean
beef, for example, is from 70 to 80 per
cent water; the brain is from 90 to 95
per cent water. And a brain or nerve
cell may contain from five to ten times
as much phosphorus as, let us say, the
cells of the liver or the heart. The
actual quantity is of course extremely
small—by weight but a fraction of 1
per cent.

About three pounds avoidups of this
very complex phosphorized stuff
make up an average human brain.

There is a lot more of it distributed
down one's spinal column, and little
plexuses all over the body wherever a
group of muscles are to be moved, and
others still, the sensory or feeling
nerves, which are everywhere. It is
hard to find a cubical half inch outside
the bones where they are not.
All told, the nervous substance, which
for the sake of making its functions
clear I have called the matter which
thinks, forms a not inconsiderable portion
of the body outside of the bony
skeleton. It is made up of distinct and
separated units, for the most part ex-
tremely minute, though some attain a
length of two or three feet. These
units, for lack of a more misleading
name, are called cells. The "cells"
which run from the small of your back
down into your legs and wiggle the
bones where they are not.

Bishops do not often figure in the
modern novel. When they do appear
it is for the purpose of supplying "com-
ic relief." Deans escape fairly lightly;
the dean of fiction has no worse vice
than "scholarly stoop" and an inveterate
fondness for gossip. On the other
hand, the archdeacon—in novels—is
rubicon, fussy and self important.
While the rector may be a hearty sort
of idiot, with a bluff and breezy manner,
if you want a real clerical villain
he is invariably a vicar.—Treasury.

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TOWN NEWS

"Never say die."
"Don't give up the ship."
Very little sickness in town.
Courage with confidence will conquer.

Mrs. Rogers' store is open for business.

B. S. Greene of Colma was in town Tuesday.

The Exchange Hotel opened on Monday.

Prof. Savage of Colma was in town Thursday.

Good opening in this town for a merchant tailor.

The strike continues at Cypress Lawn cemetery.

W. F. Bailey is painting Plymire cottage number two.

Mrs. J. J. Nesser of San Francisco visited here Saturday.

Mrs. W. J. Martin is, we are pleased to learn, improving.

Pay for your home paper and see how good you will feel.

Pete Gilligley of San Pedro valley was visitor here Monday.

Public school closed on Friday for the long summer vacation.

More men commit suicide with a corkscrew than with a pistol.

Henry Michenfelder attended to local business here Wednesday.

The carpenters have finished work on Plymire cottage number two.

County Clerk J. F. Johnston was in town Monday calling on friends.

There will be room at the top so long as so many prefer the crowd.

Mr. D. O. Daggett is having his residence on Miller avenue repainted.

M. Foley is having a severe struggle with rheumatism the past week.

Ice cream will be served at Mrs. Rogers' ice cream parlor every Sunday.

Chas. Hedlund has purchased a new delivery wagon for his butcher business.

One birth and one death the past week. There should have been a wed-ding.

Mr. Day of the San Mateo Times paid the Enterprise a pleasant call on Monday last.

Mrs. J. Huber returned home Monday after spending two weeks at St. Helena, Cal.

Born—At San Bruno, June 8th, to the wife of Wm. Ward, (nee Emma Broner) a son.

Lee Rice returned Friday after a two weeks' trip through the southern part of the state.

M. M. Ogden, president of the Pacific Jupiter Steel Co., spent Monday at the steel works.

Miss Kate McGrath of San Francisco, and a property owner here, was a visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. Ethel Joseph of Monterey is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Kofeo of this place.

The Jupiter Steel Company received several carloads of structural iron and building material the past week.

Fred Rounnel returned last week after a long absence. Fred put in some time while away at Fort Worth, Texas.

Saturday was the hottest day of the season for South San Francisco, the thermometer reaching 101 degrees in the shade.

Quite a number of the local folks attended the ball given by the Military Social Club at San Bruno Saturday evening.

The Spring Valley Water Company has commenced work near Burlingame on improvements to the company's water mains.

Mr. Welch will open his exchange hotel this evening. The hotel has been elegantly furnished, and will be run as a first-class hotel.

Dr. McGovern and J. L. Debenedetti of this place and Prof. Savage of Colma spent a couple of days on the coast side last week.

At half-past 5 o'clock Wednesday morning this quiet burg experienced a lively shaking up in the way of a small-sized earthquake.

The Spring Valley Water Company has commenced work upon a new 48-inch water main from Burlingame to the pumphouse near Millbrae.

Dr. J. C. McGovern, for the convenience of his patrons, will make regular visits every Sunday, beginning June 21st. —Coast Advocate-Pennant.

The morning train due here at 9:00 that went into effect June 1st, was taken off last Monday, leaving the 9:30 the only train going towards San Francisco in the morning after 7:20.

Paul and John Krueger of Chicago arrived here last Friday and are the guests of Mr. Kock, manager of the Armour Hotel. The boys intend to remain here until the latter part of the month.

Manuel Empena and family moved to Oakland Saturday. Mr. Empena has been employed in the different factories here for the past five years and has now accepted a position in one of the Oakland potteries.

J. L. Debenedetti, one of South San Francisco's solid business men, drove over from that town Thursday and is the guest of his father, Supervisor Debenedetti.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

Frank Bastion's team ran away on Grand avenue Tuesday afternoon. Horse and wagon dashed down Grand Ave. and ran directly over Mell Cohen's little daughter but fortunately she suffered no serious injury.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post office building.

Born—In this town, June 8th, to the wife of Julius Elkerenkotter, a daughter. Our genial Supervisor, when asked on the 9th about the situation, replied: "It is in statu quo," and added, in explanation, "the latest arrival makes three—all girls—and that suits the daddy."

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

J. C. McGovern, of South San Francisco, was among the visitors here taking in Chamorita. Doc believes in keeping up his practice, and to keep his hand in and having nothing better to work on, tried his skill in sawing and taking out bones in Daner's butcher shop.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

W. J. McEWEN,
Vitaopathist.

Do you suffer from any ailments?
TRY VITAOPATHY.

It has helped others it will help you!

Hours: 7 to 9 p. m. Sundays by appointment.

The school election held on Friday of last week was a lively affair. Thos. Mason for one year had no opposition and received 103 votes. The three years' term was contested by C. S. Duer and J. P. Todt, Duer receiving 108 votes and Todt 54 votes. The total number of votes polled was 114.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Daggett, well-known residents of this place, attended the State of Maine reunion at Shellmound Park last Saturday. Both report having a splendid time in spite of the hot weather. Many friends and acquaintances of yore were met and many interesting incidents were discussed.

Some ten days ago Gec. Drissea, an employee of the Fuller Paint Works, in attempting to move a large cask, sprained his back. The accident was of such a serious nature that Mr. Drissea was at once compelled to take to his bed, where he has been confined ever since, though we are glad to say he is at present improving.

Luther Jenkins, employed by the South San Francisco Quarry Co., had the fore arm of his right hand quite badly mashed Monday morning while attending to his duties at that place. The arm was caught between a crate of rock and the wharf. Dr. Plymire says the young man will not lose the injured limb, though it will be some time before he can make use of it again.

DEATH OF RUDOLPH GOLNIK.

Another citizen of this little town has joined the silent majority.

Rudolph Gollnik came to this town some years ago a young and strong man. In the course of time he engaged in the butchering business and built up a good trade. About two years ago he married and built a house and established a home here. His health began to fail last fall and his illness developed into Bright's disease. He died at the German Hospital in San Francisco on Tuesday, June 9, 1903, after much suffering. He leaves a wife and infant child.

The funeral took place on Thursday, June 11th, at 2 o'clock p. m., from Butchers' Hall. Interment Italian Cemetery.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

The members of San Mateo Lodge No. 7, J. B. P. and B. Association, hereby tender to Mrs. Rudolph Gollnik and family our heartfelt sympathy for the loss of a dear husband and a noble brother in the person of Rudolph Gollnik. Realizing that mere words of sympathy avail little we commend you to the care of our Heavenly Father, "who doeth all things well."

Resolved, That this resolution be entered in full upon the minutes of our Lodge, and a copy sent to Mrs. Gollnik and the Enterprise for publication. —San Mateo Lodge No. 7.

LOW RATES EAST AND BACK.

Southern Pacific sells tickets via various routes to Chicago, St. Paul, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, New Orleans, Memphis and many other points at one fare for the round trip, June 4th and 5th, June 24th and 30th inclusive, July 15th and 16th, and August 25th and 26th. See B. A. Peckham, agent, 16 South First street, San Jose. Tickets good ninety days with stop-overs.

FOR SALE.

Store and stock of fruit, confectionery, notions, cigars and tobacco. Cheap for cash. JOHN VUEJTCHE.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate. The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed, for their accommodation.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

FOR SALE.

The Linden Hotel with all its furniture, bar room and business is for sale. Price and terms will be named upon application to the owner at the hotel.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The June water rate must be paid on or before the last day of June. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of July and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

Ventilation in the Hat.

"Some customers have nonsensical notions about the proper way to ventilate a hat," said a fashionable hatter. "In fact, they are so whimsical about it that we make the hats without a ventilator and try to suit the wishes of the customer after he has handed his money to the salesman. Many customers will not have a hat ventilated at all. Well, they miss a great deal of comfort and take long chances for baldness in old age. The English style, and the only one that some buyers will adopt, is a ring of perforated holes in the crown of the hat. In my opinion it is just as well to have no ventilator at all as to put it there. The best way is to have two holes, one on each side of the hat, just above the band. Then you get good circulation all the time. There are ways of punching the holes artistically so that they do not detract from the appearance of the hat. But you would be surprised at the number of men who will not have them, some because it is not fashionable and others because they think the hat will not wear so well."—New York Times.

A Famous Pudding.

There is no other pudding on earth to which so much honor is paid as the huge beefsteak pudding served up daily at the most famous tavern in London, Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet street.

This pudding has been served up every day without break for nearly 200 years. Garrick, Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson used to enjoy it. Every great writer in England makes a point of eating it today. It is inseparably associated with English literature.

Every evening after the pudding is cooked there is a solemn procession. The proprietor of the tavern, bearing the pudding on a big dish, goes first, followed by the cooks, the waiters and the entire staff. They bear the pudding all around the tavern, the customers doing homage to it. Then and not till then it may be cut up and eaten.

Why Gold is Rare.

Why is gold so rare? Simply because it is heavy. There are only two metals that are heavier—namely, platinum and iridium. Remember that at the beginning the earth was a body of gas. By gradual condensation it became liquid, while now the whole of its mass save only an outer crust much thinner in proportion to the whole bulk than is the shell of an egg would be a fluid but for the fact that it is held together by tremendous pressure. Naturally in the course of its formation about a center of attraction the weightier particles composing the globe gathered about that center. Accordingly we find that the earth as a whole weighs five times as much as water, while the rocks forming the crust are only about two and a half times as heavy as water.

The Four Lettered Name of God.

Is it not passingly singular at least that the name of God should be spelled with four letters in almost every known language? In Latin it is Deus, Greek, Zeus; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Arabian, All; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Idga; Egyptian, Aum or Zent; East Indian, Esgi or Zen; Japanese, Zain; Turkish, Addi; Scandinavian, Odin; Dalmatian, Rogt; Croatian, Eher; Etrurian, Chur; Margarian, Oese; Swedish, Codd; Irish, Dich; German, Gott; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios; Peruvian, Lian.

An ingenious and successful trick was played at a London flat in broad daylight. A gentleman rang the bell at 3 o'clock and inquired whether Mr. Grey was at home. "No, sir," said the janitor. "He rarely if ever comes back from the temple before 5 o'clock." "That is strange," returned the other, "since I know he has an appointment here with a Mr. Johnson at 4 o'clock." Then he went his way.

At 4 o'clock to the minute Mr. Johnson called and, giving his name, was of course allowed to wait in Mr. Grey's apartments, which he denuded of everything of "portable value" in ten minutes and then walked out, observing as he passed the porter that he could wait no longer.

Several carefully observed cases of falling hair from emotion have been recorded, but the following is probably one of the most curious. A normally healthy farmer, thirty-eight years of age, saw his child thrown out of a cart and trampled upon by a mule. He supposed it killed and experienced in his fright and tension a sensation of chilliness and tension in the head and face. The child escaped with a few bruises, but the father's hair, beard and eyebrows commenced to drop out the next day, and by the end of the week he was entirely bald. A new growth of hair appeared in time, but much finer.—London Answers.

FOR SALE.

The Linden Hotel with all its furniture, bar room and business is for sale. Price and terms will be named upon application to the owner at the hotel.

EVERY one of our readers is entitled to compete for the **ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS** in cash prizes offered by Farm and Home for correct sets of answers to the following question.

Cut out this coupon from The Enterprise, South San Francisco, California, fill in all the blanks, and mail or hand it to The Enterprise, South San Francisco, Cal.

1. Should congress give money for good roads? Answer yes or no.....

2. Should a parcels post be established to carry merchandise at very much less than present rates? Answer yes or no.....

3. Should government provide a postal fractional currency for use in the mails? Answer yes or no.....

4. Should the tariff be revised? Answer yes or no.....

5. Should trusts be regulated or suppressed? Answer with the word "regulated" or the word "suppressed".....

6. Who should be the republican candidate for president in 1904?.....

7. Who should be the democratic candidate for president in 1904?.....

8. Name any other political party that should make a nomination for the presidency, and the man it should put up.

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HOW VEHICLES OBTAINED THEIR NAME-- OFTEN CALLED FOR THEIR ORIGINATORS.

MEN who in these days "hire a hack" never stop to inquire how the vehicle they engage to wheel them to their homes or to a depot got its name. It suffices to know that everybody else calls it a hack, and to them it is simply that and nothing more. The original hacks were termed hackney coaches because they were drawn by "hackneys," a name applied to easy-going, safe-pacing horses.

Coach is derived from the French *coche*, a diminutive form of the Latin *conchula*, shell, in which shape the body of such conveyances was originally fashioned. Seldom, if ever, is the full term, "omnibus," applied to those heavy, lumbering vehicles found in so many large cities. With the characteristic brevity of English-speaking races the title has been changed to "bus."

These were first seen in Paris in 1827, and the original name of omnibus is derived from the fact that it first appeared on the sides of each conveyance, being nothing more than the Latin word signifying "for all."

Cab is an abbreviation of the Italian word *cabriola*, which was changed to *cabriolet* in French. Both words have a common derivative—*cabriole*—signifying a goat's leap. The exact reason for giving it this strange appellation is unknown, unless because of the lightness and springiness of the vehicle in its original form.

In some instances the names of special forms of carriages are derived from the titles of the persons who introduced them. The brougham was first used by the famous Lord Brougham, and William IV., who was originally the Duke of Clarence, gave the latter name to his favorite conveyance.

The popular hansom derives its name from its introducer, Mr. Hansen; and the tilbury, at one time a very fashionable two-wheeled vehicle, was called from a sporting gentleman of the same name.

Landau, a city in Germany, was the locality in which was first made the style of vehicle bearing that name.

Sulky, as applied to a wheeled conveyance, had its origin in the fact that when it first appeared the person who saw it considered that none but a sulky, selfish person would ride in such an affair, which afforded accommodation to but one individual. The strange title was never changed.

Coupe is French in origin, being derived from the verb *couper* (to cut). This was considered an appropriate designation because it greatly resembled a coach with the front part cut off.

The old-fashioned gig was given that name from its peculiar jumping and rocking motion, the word being from the French *gigue*, signifying jig, or a lively dance.

COULD WE SUBSIST ON ENGLISH SPARROWS FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME IN CASE OF FAMINE?

IN his usual habit the English sparrow, as we call him, or house sparrow, as we ought to call him, elects to stay close to human habitations. Yet the fact that he has spread over almost the whole country seems to prove that he migrates, for how otherwise could he have extended his field from this town, where he was introduced by Col. Proctor back in the 60s, to California, Canada and Florida? A hunter who was traveling through the Maine woods last summer came upon a lonely house in the middle of the great wilderness that still covers the northern half of the state. It was sixty miles to the nearest settlement, and that was not much of a settlement, either. Yet the first sound heard as he approached the place was the rasping chirp of a house sparrow. Now this little divile, as we commonly regard him, must have crossed sixty miles of dense forest, and in all that distance he did not see one of the human beings of whose society he appears so fond. The hunter shot him on general principles.

This instance is not singular. There are in various parts of the country isolated hamlets, unconnected with the rest of the world by railroads, nor even with good roads. They are seldom visited; they do not advertise their presence by the smoke of industries; yet the sparrows find them out, and as you enter you hear the racket of hundreds of these little gray backs. They stay after they have come in too, and you hear less of the robins and orioles afterward. Yet, after all, we probably do an injustice to this bird. If we hear less of the song birds it is because the women wear them on their hats, and thereby persuade the gunners to destroy them. In some districts they have been wholly exterminated; in others they have been made shy and hasten away from the sight of men. The sparrow, on the contrary, is fearless; he has not been hunted for what a government official calls the "foliage," and he nests and roosts under our window ledges and over our doors. Probably we may as well resign ourselves to him, and, after all, he is better than no birds at all.

There is scarcely any meat at all on them, yet we hear of house sparrows served in Manhattan restaurants as quail, reed birds, almost any other thing that you like to call for. If this country should ever suffer from a famine—as it never will so long as we keep out schools open, for famines occur only where there is dirt, ignorance, laziness, intemperance and all that goes with illiteracy and a degraded condition of the populace—we shall have sparrows enough to eat for several weeks.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

where Rip exclaims: "Oh, how my bones do ache!" Jefferson should add: "But, ah, not thus would they have ached had I slept on B's bedsprings." It was only a little change, and the merchant was surprised and indignant when his proposition was rejected.

P. T. Barnum and his wife were very fond of the gifted sisters, Alice and Phoebe Cary, who often visited them at Bridgeport. To friend the famous showman once remarked: "Alice was the more thoughtful, while Phoebe was always bubbling over with good spirits and wit. I never knew a brighter woman. One day I was taking her and some friends through my museum. At the head of the stairs was the cage containing 'The Happy Family,' which included owls, cats, mice, serpents and other creatures generally mortal enemies, but all living in perfect harmony, mainly because we kept them so satisfied with food that they had no temptation to prey upon one another. The cage stood directly at the head of the stairs, and just as we reached the top a big serpent stretched its head toward Phoebe. Forgetting the glass thickness that separated them, she was so startled that she uttered a scream, and would have fallen backward down the steps had I not caught her. Looking up to me she said: 'Thank you, Mr. Barnum; but remember that I am not the first woman that the serpent has caused to fall.'

No Sympathy.

"Charlie, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "you know I never blame you for anything that is not your own fault."

"But when the horse you bet on loses that isn't your fault, is it?"

"Charlie, dear, the winner was just as easy a horse to bet on as any other, wasn't it?"

"Why—er—yes."

"No one forced you to bet on some other horse."

"No."

"Then I can't see that you deserve any sympathy whatever."—*Washington Star*

Onions.

The onion contains one of the most powerful medical agents known. This is an oil, the sulphide of allyl. It is this oil that causes the eyes to fill with water as you cut the onion. When the onion is cooked, the greater part of this allyl is lost, but other compounds containing sulphur remain.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

IMPROVE THE NEGRO'S CONDITION.

By Ex-President Grover Cleveland.

It is foolish for us to blind our eyes to the fact that more should be done to improve the condition of our negro population. And it should be entirely plain to all of us that the sooner this is undertaken the sooner will a serious duty be discharged and the more surely will we guard ourselves against future trouble and danger. If we are to be just and fair toward our colored fellow citizens, and if they are to be more completely made self respecting, useful and safe members of our body politic, they must be taught to do something more than to hew wood and draw water. The way must be opened for them to engage in something better than menial service, and their interests must be aroused to rewards of intelligent occupation and careful thrift.

I believe that the exigency can only be adequately met through the instrumentality of well equipped manual training and industrial schools, conducted either independently or in connection with ordinary educational institutions. I am convinced that good citizenship, an orderly, contented life and a proper conception of civic virtue and obligations are almost certain to grow out of a fair chance to earn an honest, hopeful livelihood and a satisfied sense of secure protection and considerate treatment.

WORK OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By David S. Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University.

The twentieth century will be strenuous, complex and democratic. Strenuous it must be, as we can all see. Our century has a host of things to do—bold things, noble things, tedious things, difficult things, enduring things.

More than any of the others, the twentieth century will be democratic. The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century was that of the reality of external things. That of the twentieth century will be this axiom in geometry: "The straightest line is the shortest distance between two points." If something needs doing, do it; the more plainly, directly, honestly, the better.

Democracy does not mean equality—just the reverse of this. It means individual responsibility, equality before the law, of course, equality of opportunity, but no other equality save that won by faithful service. The social system that bids men rise must also let them fall when they cannot maintain themselves. To become the right man means the dismissal of the wrong.

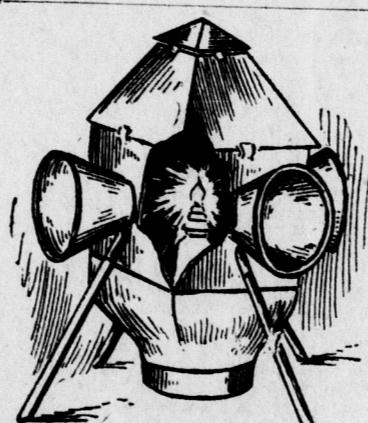
The weak, the incompetent, the untrained, the dissipated find no growing welcome in the century which is coming. It will have no place for the unskilled laborer. A bucket of water and a basket of coal will do all that the unskilled laborer can do if we have skilled men for their direction. The unskilled laborer is no product of democracy. He exists in spite of democracy.

The lawyers of the future will not be pleaders before juries. They will save their clients from need of a judge or jury. In every civilized nation the lawyers must be the lawgivers. The sword has given place to the green bag. The demand of the twentieth century will be that

INSECT TRAP FOR NIGHT USE.

An Inexpensive Method for Killing Insects That Fly.

The Government Bureau of Statistics is authority for a statement containing figures reaching into the hundreds of millions of dollars as indicating the expenditure applied directly to fighting the insects and worms which damage the cotton, wheat, corn and other crops which form such a substantial part of our revenues. A large portion of this



FLAME ATTRACTS PESTS.

amount, no doubt, goes for the introduction of new ideas which have been devised to aid in the work of destroying these pests, and perhaps this latest trap, the invention of a Kentuckian, will receive a share of attention and serve its purpose in many a field. The inventor takes advantage of the well-known propensity of insects to fly toward a light, the flame in this instance being mounted within a metallic casting, to which entrance is gained through four funnels pointing in different directions. Once within the hood, the insect soon falls to the reservoir beneath, wherein a quantity of insecticide has been placed to complete the destruction of those which escape the actual contact with the flame. Mention is also made of the fumes rising from the liquid and impregnating the atmosphere around the flame to overcome the insects and cause them to fall into the liquid.

New Cure for Kleptomania.

A few years back a West End shopkeeper, prompted by some remarks in Truth as to the best punishment for kleptomaniac woman shoplifters, wrote to inform me that he had adopted the plan of giving every woman detected in purloining articles in his shop the option of being summarily birched by the manageress or prosecuted by the ordinary process of law. The same correspondent now writes to report the result of his operations in this direction up to the present time. In all, he says, twenty women have accepted the ordeal of the birch, in addition to two young girls of foreign nationality, who, in consideration of their tender years, were treated to a milder form of chastisement. I am not, of course, in a position to guarantee the accuracy of this information; I own, indeed, to

statutes coincide with equity. This condition, educated lawyers can bring about.

In politics the demand for serious service must grow. As we have to do with wise men and clean men, statesmen instead of vote manipulators, we shall feel more and more the need for them. We shall demand not only men who can lead in action, but men who can prevent unwise action. Often the policy which seems most attractive to the majority is full of danger for the future. We need men who can face popular opinion and if need be to face it down.

The need of the teacher will not grow less as the century goes on. The history of the future is written in the schools of to-day, and the reform which gives us better schools is the greatest of reforms. Free should the scholar be—free and brave, and to such as these the twentieth century will bring the reward of the scholar.

The twentieth century will mark an epoch in the history of religion. Some say idly that religion is losing her hold in these strenuous days. But she is not. She is simply changing her grip. The religion of this century will be more practical, more real. It will deal with the days of the week as well as with the Sabbath. It will be as potent in the markets of trade as in the walls of a cathedral, for man's religion is his working hypothesis of life, not of life in some future world, but of life right here to-day, the only day we have in which to build a life.

STRIKES HELP WORKINGMAN'S CONDITION.

By Bishop Potter, of New York.

I believe in strikes, shocking as the statement may seem. I believe in the conservative value of the organizations from which the strikes come. The condition of the working man was never improved until in reply to the demands of a labor organization itself or by the interposition of persons not interested as capitalists or laborers. The real value of the labor organization is that it appears to be the only method by which the great interests which serve themselves best by exacting most can be obliged to yield some consideration to those over whom they have control.

DEMOCRACY OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By Jacob Gould Schurman, President of Cornell University.

State schools are, so far as mental training and the acquisition of knowledge go, vastly superior to either church schools or private schools. Private and church schools tend to breed caste and division among the children of the community. The public school, on the other hand, is the mirror of the republic. In the public schools of a town you have the purest democracy in the world. When we look at hard facts, we see that it is folly to blame the schools for defects of blood, lapses of virtue and blight of character, which neither our laws nor our policy requires the schools to combat. You must blame the church, you must blame the offenders, you must blame yourselves, when your children become the victims of intemperance, vice or impiety.

THREE MEN WHO HAVE MADE THEMSELVES WEALTHY AT FARMING IN THE SOUTHWEST.

ONE of the most successful millionaire farmers in the West is David Rankin, of Tarkio, Mo., who has made \$1,000,000 in farming, and who actually owns the largest farm in the world. Rankin has 23,000 acres under his personal supervision, all of which is under cultivation. He began farming with a colt which his father gave him when a lad. He traded the colt for a pair of oxen and with them tilled eighty acres of rented land, until he had accumulated enough to buy a small tract. He had been living in Illinois, but thought better of Missouri as a farming country. So for \$8 an acre he bought great tracts of ground, adding to his fields as the income of the other fields would permit, until he had surrounded himself in thirty years with 23,000 acres, all of which is sown to crops every year. He employs 200 men on the farm. He has 700 teams, and in good seasons he makes \$100,000 clear money. He buys 8,000 to 10,000 head of steers every year and feeds them. He keeps these cattle, not in pastures, but in clean stables and lots, where they are fed from the products of his fields until he is ready to ship to the markets.

Take the Forsha ranch in Kansas, for instance, where another system is carried on entirely. Mr. Forsha is a believer in the raising of alfalfa, and he has 15,000 acres sown to that. He also raises and feeds cattle for the markets, but he never raises cereals. He has a mill on his ranch, and he buys the wheat from other farmers, makes it into flour, but he raises little wheat himself. He makes from \$10 to \$100 net profit an acre from the alfalfa, and the fields in the fall and winter furnish pasture for his herds. Forsha began ranching and farming in Kansas only a few years ago. Today he is worth several hundred thousand dollars.

John Stewart began farming in Kansas without a dollar. He was working in a real estate office as a salesman. He bought some homesteaders' rights to deserted quarter sections for a mere pittance. A boom came, and Kansas, and began ranching and raising wheat. To-day Sumner County produces 8,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, and holds the world's record in quantity for its size. Stewart bought additional land every year there was a drought, thereby getting it at a reduction. He has made a large fortune in less than thirty years.

a suspicion—I hope unfounded—that my correspondent is "getting at me" with view of inspiring wholesome terror in the hearts of women of dishonest proclivities who do their shopping in the West End. But as that is a desirable end, I have no objection to co-operating in it to this extent. It may perhaps be useful if I mention at the same time that, according to my shopkeeping friend, his manageress is a very muscular woman and her weapon a formidable one. Perhaps some of the shopkeepers of Selby may feel inclined to give a trial to this castigator's cure for kleptomania.

MEXICAN ARMY.

Will Soon Number 200,000 Perfectly Equipped Soldiers.

Mexico, which next to the United States, is the most orderly and stable of all the American republics, is pursuing a policy of military expansion which seems likely to develop highly efficient system of national defense. It is the desire of President Diaz that within two years the Mexican government shall be able on short notice to mobilize an army of 200,000 thoroughly trained and perfectly equipped soldiers. To make this result possible more than 300,000 boys and young men are now receiving regular daily military instruction in 11,000 public schools of Mexico, and the army will be recruited from their number. This program for the creation of a

greater Mexican army is supplemented with plans for a larger naval establishment, two vessels for which are now under construction at the Crescent shipyard, Elizabethtown, N. J. In this development of her military resources Mexico is following the natural policy of enlightened nations. It is believed in some quarters that the integrity of Mexican institutions will be severely tested when President Diaz retires from office, and that a strong government, including an effective military establishment, will be needed to protect the republic against serious internal disorder. It is possibly with a view of providing for such an emergency that the present movement for a large and trustworthy army has been instituted.—*Army and Navy Journal*.

Municipal Ownership in England. A comprehensive return of the financial workings of the "public utilities" undertaken in British towns and cities has just been given to the public through a government board. It covers the four years ended March, 1902. The principal undertakings carried on by the 239 corporations were: Markets, 223; waterworks, 193; cemeteries, 143; baths, 138; electricity, 102; gasworks, 97; tramways, 45; harbors, 43. The aggregate net profits were \$23,417,522.

Never Runs Down.

"What a close watch his wife keeps on him."

"Yes, she's what I'd call a watch without a charm."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Suspicions.

"He thinks her heart is as good as gold."

"Yes, but it isn't warranted."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Some people waste all their sympathy on others instead of reserving a few doses for their own trials and tribulations.

When a woman nudges you with her elbow it is equivalent to saying, "I told you so."

NORTHERN HOSPITALITY.

Eskimos Denied Themselves to Feed Shipwrecked Strangers.

late in the year 1866 the ship Japan, under command of Captain Barker, while trying to make her way out of the Arctic Ocean during a severe snow-storm and gale, was driven ashore on the north side of Cape East. The officers and crew were rescued by the coast Eskimos, who at once distributed the shipwrecked persons among the villages along the coast, and kindly shared with them, during the long winter, their huts, clothing and food. In describing the good qualities of these people, Middleton Smith tells, in "Superstitions of the Eskimos," what this generous treatment meant in the way of self-sacrifice among the Eskimos.

As the summer of 1866 had not been favorable for the capture of the walrus, and the ice during the winter had hindered the taking of seal, the food supply of these people was unusually small, and to take care of and feed a whole shipwrecked crew of thirty-two men, at a time when they could scarcely obtain provisions sufficient for their own families, was a heavy task. When probable starvation stared them in the face, council of the little settlements was called to see whether they should endeavor to keep these strangers through the winter, or simply to save their own people.

It was decided by this council that as the strangers were thrown, by no fault of their own, upon their shores and, as it were, placed under their care, they should have an equal chance for life with themselves.

Captain Barker, of the Japan, testifies that the Eskimo women, in apportioning the food among his men, frequently shed tears on account of the smallness of the amount, and often would increase the quantity by adding portions of their own shares.



Fainted On Broadway

Woman in an Unconscious Condition Found on Sidewalk.

Upon Examination at the Hospital, Her Body was Discovered to be Covered with Scars, Caused by the Hypodermic Injection of Morphine—Facts Published as Warning to Other Women.

The above headlines recite the actual experience of a poor wreck of a woman who had once had an honorable and lucrative position in a large mercantile house in New York. Her health began to fail, and instead of taking rest and proper medical treatment she resorted to stimulants and morphine.

The hospital physician discovered that her primary trouble was an affection of the womb, which could readily have been cured in the first stages. If when she had first felt those severe pains in the back, the terrible headaches, the constant sense of fullness, soreness and pain in the pelvic region, she had heeded the warning that serious trouble was in store, and commenced a regular treatment with the Pinkham Remedies, as did Mrs. Rober of Chicago, whose letter follows, the polyposis in the womb would have been dissolved and passed away, and to-day she would have been a well woman.

Why will women let themselves drift along into terrible suffering and sickness in this way, when there is monumental proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is daily relieving thousands of women from this very trouble? There is no excuse for any woman who suffers to go without help. Mrs. Pinkham is very glad indeed to give her personal advice to any one who will write for it, and the following letter simply goes to prove that the Vegetable Compound will positively cure female ills:

"Since the birth of my baby I suffered from womb trouble, backache,

irregular menstruation, also intense nervousness.

"After trying different remedies with no relief I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. To my surprise and delight I found after taking my first bottle very great improvement. I continued its use and it has made me a well woman.

"I am so grateful to you for my recovery that I wish to thank you, and if this testimonial will be of any use to other suffering women, you have my full permission to publish it."—MRS. MARY ROBER, 5402 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 for self, original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Free Medical Advice to Women.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

The only way some persons try to climb upward is in dragging other persons down.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all afflictions of the throat and lungs.—W. O. ENDZELY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Gossip is the pastime of empty minds in their endeavor to be filled with something.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness of any kind. Send for "FREE \$5.00 trial bottle and treatise." Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 951 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A little town has to fight for every thing it gets, and then fight to retain it.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, Lo Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures chills, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes free. A certain cure for all bunions. All druggists sell it. Dr. Do. Don't accept any substitute.

While other people are gossiping you read a good book and soon your head will be filled with sensible ideas.

Within the Month of All. The poorest need not suffer with constipation and its dreadful consequences. Ten cent buys a box of Cascarets Candy Cathartic. Drugists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A home without music is a home without cheerfulness.

The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" of stoves keep you clean and cool. Economical and always ready. Sold at good stove stores.

Be the friend of the friendless boy and try to soften his barefoot to the thorns of his pathway.

Gilt-edge appetite, Gilt Edge Whisky. You'll have both, if you have either. Wachman, Lutgen & Co., S. F.

It is very true what Lincoln said that you cannot fool all the people all the time.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

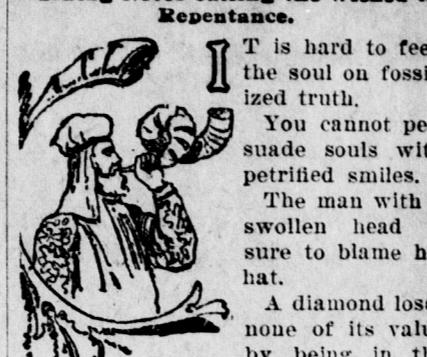
Bears the
Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

You must have sincerity on your hook if you wish to catch the good hook of people.

If a man's word is not good his note is not generally very good security.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



It is hard to feed the soul on fossilized truth.

You cannot persuade souls with petrified smiles.

The man with a swollen head is sure to blame his hat.

A diamond loses

none of its value

by being in the dark.

A perverted life comes from a love averted from God.

The knowledge of theology is not the knowledge of God.

War with the devil is the condition of peace with God.

When gratitude goes up it never comes back empty-handed.

The sermon that is a work of art is not likely to make sinners smart.

Men value their principles according to the price they have to pay for them.

Socialism may sometimes be Christian, Christianity must ever be social.

It is easier to preach heroic sacrifice than it is to practice ordinary selfishness.

The habits we, think we cannot give up are the ones we cannot afford to keep.

God will be faithful in demonstrating the truth if we are faithful in declaring it.

You can never take in a man's virtues so long as you will focus on his faults.

The gambling woman uses God's fairest gifts for the devil's foulest gains.

If a man has no master greater than himself his service must always be degrading.

Only a little man is troubled, lest someone should fail to appreciate his greatness.

There is no virtue in the purity that waits until the fires of passion are burned out.

You cannot float on the petals of pleasure when you are sinking in the slough of sin.

When your silence is approved by the saloon it is well to remember that God's curse is hidden in the devil's smile.

It is not strange that those who are acquainted with the champagne supper on the avenue should approve of the free-lunch saloon on the street.

Freak Names of American Towns.

In Uncle Sam's big post office directory is found a choice lot of freak names of post offices. Among them are:

Two Beans, one Pumpkin, one Turnip, one Cottonseed, two Haystacks, three Beets, three BlackWalnuts, three Crabapples, one Blackberry, one Gooseberry, one Pokeberry, two Peach Orchards, six Peach Trees, two Peach Groves, six Cherry Groves, three Cherries, twelve Olives, six Chestnuts, twelve Olives, two Buttercups, eleven Daisies, four Ferns, one Begonia, one Morning Glory, five Primroses and five Shamrocks.

The patent medicine advertisements in the newspapers seem to have suggested a good many names, such as Cureall, Medicus, Panacea, Nervine, Elixir, Balm of Gilead and Water Cure, while we also find two Backbone, two Elbows, two Fingers, two Hands, one Foot and nine Good Medicines.

Financial problems have suggested Pay Down, Pay Up and Dead Broke, which is found five times on the map of the United States. Hard Times is found twice, Hard Up four times and Pure Broke four times.

Pat Again.

An Irishman, being annoyed by a howling dog in the night, jumped out of bed to dislodge the offender. It was in the month of January, when the snow was two feet deep. As he did not return his wife went out to see what was the matter, and found him in his nightshirt in the middle of the road, with his teeth chattering and the whole of his body almost paralyzed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail. "Good gracious, pa!" said she, "what would ye be after?"

"Hush!" said he, "don't ye see I'm trying to faze the baste?"

Quaint Mountain People.

From a school in the remote districts in the mountains of Kentucky a little incident comes that illustrates the quaintness of the Southern mountain folk. Several of the pupils were six-footers. One quiet lad asked to be excused for a week. "What is the reason?" asked the teacher. "Got some law business to do." "What have you got to do with law business?" "Lawing over a killing," was the laconic reply. "Well, what have you got to do with it? You did not see it, did you?" "I allow I did. I'm the feller they tried to kill."

The Usual Proportion.

First Chauffeur—Whose make is your machine?

Second Chauffeur—Well, about one-third the manufacturer's and two-thirds the repairer's.—Puck.

The Coffee We Use.

The 1,000,000,000 pounds of coffee imported, which gives each adult person in the United States two pounds a month, is 80 per cent Brazilian and but 2-15 per cent Java.

He who never seeks his opportunity will never find it.

PEOPLE WHO APPEAR OLD.

How They May Preserve the Buoyancy and Freshness of Youth.

People who appear old must expect to be considered so, and, if they apply for positions with every appearance that senility has struck them and that they have gone to seed, they cannot expect favorable consideration. If gray haired applicants for positions would only appreciate the value of appearances and would "brace up" when they seek situations—go "well groomed" and well dressed, with elastic steps, showing that they still possess fire, force and enthusiasm—they would eliminate an obstacle greater than their gray hairs.

We think ourselves into incapacity by looking for signs of age and dwelling on them, and the body follows the thought. We should, therefore, avoid the appearance of age in every possible way—by dress, carriage, conversation and especially by our attitude toward people and things. It is not difficult to preserve the buoyancy and freshness of youth, but it must be done by constant effort and practice. A musician who expects to make only one or two important appearances a year must keep up his practice. Youthfulness cannot be put on for a day if old age has had a grip on you for months.

It is important to preserve the fire of youth as long as possible, to carry freshness and vigor into old age by keeping up a hearty interest in everything that interests youth. Many of us seem to think that youthful sports and pastimes are foolish, and before we know it we get entirely out of sympathy with all young life, and consequently really old, whatever our years. We must think youthful thoughts, as associate with young people and interest them. When a person ceases to interest the young he may be sure that he is showing signs of old age.—Success.

INTERNAL ECONOMY.

Two years ago a Poindexter out on Nubbin ridge swallowed a grain of wheat. Last week he was attacked with a fit of coughing and coughed up a fifty pound sack of flour and 100 pounds of bran. Truth is mighty and will prevail.—Hartford Day Spring.

Loss of Appetite

Is loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a precursor of prostrating sickness.

This is why it is serious, and most serious to people that must keep up and doing or get behindhand.

The best thing you can do for loss of appetite is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It will make you ready to eat, give a relish to your food, and assist in its digestion.

This great medicine cures all stomach troubles, and builds up the whole system

Dolly Madison.

There are many stories told of the tact and kindness of Mistress Dolly Madison when she was the first lady of the land. Her ready wit saved from confusion many a visitor to the White House who was not accustomed to the ways of polite society.

One of the most amusing of the stories is the tale of a country lad at a White House reception who was surprised in the midst of his enjoyment of a cup of coffee by the approach of his hostess. In his confusion the poor boy dropped his saucer and thrust the cup into his pocket.

Mistress Dolly, who, although her eyes were keen and searching, never saw anything that it was not intended she should see, chatted away with her guest so pleasantly of the weather, the crowd, and, finally, of the young man's mother, whom she had known or heard of, that he recovered from his embarrassment and was soon at ease and ready to accept the fresh cup of coffee which his hostess ordered, despite a certain curious and unexplained bulge in his pocket.

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Tommy—Ma, can I play makin' believe I'm entertainin' another little boy?

Mamma—Yes, dear, of course.

Tommy—All right. Gimme some cake for him.—Exchange.

Success.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

Generous Host.

Tommy—Ma, can I play makin' believe I'm entertainin' another little boy?

Mamma—Yes, dear, of course.

Tommy—All right. Gimme some cake for him.—Exchange.

Success.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

Regulate the Liver.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Good, Never Sticks, Weakens or Grieves. No. 25c, 50c.

CURE CONSTIPATION.

... Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 315

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Around a newspaper office a sissy man is one whose name appears often in the society column.

Success is often luck, but that kind of success is a poor thing to wait for.

Heald's Business College

Is the old pioneer Commercial School of the Pacific Coast.

It has trained 20,000 young men and women for active business careers. Thousands of prominent business men of the Coast got their start at Heald's. The old college has not for years been able to supply the demand for its graduates, notwithstanding the annual attendance is about 1,000. Send for large Catalogue.

Address

E. P. HEALD, President

24 Post Street, San Francisco

25c

PISO'S CURE FOR

ALL DISEASES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

15c

10c

5c

25c

10c

<p

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of**

Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

AND SLAUGHTERERS OF

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

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PACKERS OF THE

GOLDEN GATE AND **MONARCH BRANDS**

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

• • •

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.